

By Joseph M. Rogers.



sight nearly every sitting member. When this was known, Dooner made up his mind to fight. He could stand aside as against a machine man, but against organized opposition of mugwumps he would not quail. His coat came off and he stood with his back to the wail. It was hard work. Deprived of the services of his office-holding lieutenants, he had to organize the entire ward annew. Just what he did and how he did it is too long a story to tell; but from the moment the fight began there was little sleep on either side. Of course, Dooner's long leadership had created rivadries, which from time to time he had suppressed with money, with office, or by means of an overwhelming defeat at the polis. There was one man whom he had befriended, not only in polities, but whom he had kept from serving a deserved term in the penitentiary. Thomas Mallon had received favors enough. But no man believes he is the creature of others, or that he succeeds other than on his own merit. Mallon was made leader of the opposition, but was altogether too shrewd to run himself. He discovered a lawyer of ancient lineage and wealth who had a constructive residence in the ward and set his sails to catch the wind of reform that seemed to be blowing a gale. Edward Murchison, was a surprised man indeed when his was known Dooner made up his

as the trustee of an estate, and was bound to protect the interests of my chents."

There was a murmur of applause at this, but Dooner cut the ground from under their feet by yelling at use top of his voice:

"Yes, you were attorney for the estate of your father-in-law, and your children are the sole heirs to that sproperty. I defy you to deny it."

There was no response, and the chairman took a new tack.

"Mr. Dooner, you are not answering the questions of this committee, and are not helping your cause. Will you please answer entegorically a few questions? Did you or did you not vote for the gas-works steal that robbed this city of millions? I have the record here."

"I will answer that," yelled Dooner, "if every man on this committee who profited by that sale will rise and tell how much he made."

This was a poser, for the grab had been notorious, and yet the "Best Citizens" had been stockholders in the company that got the works willout the payment of a cent. Dooner was at bay, and did not propose to lose a single advantage, and so far he had "made good."

"Mr. Dooner," said the chairman, "have



In my life, I have taken care of men and women and children for years who would be turned away as beggars from the doors of any one of youse at any time. I know my people. They suffer, and I help them. They hunger, and I feed them. They got in jail for drink, and I help them out so they can earn bread for their little ones. The law works queer. There are men on this committee who have committed worse crimes than have sent men from my ward to jail, and yet they set here in judgment on one who has never sent one hungry from his door."

He stopped for a moment, and a hush fell over the assembly. He was no orator, but he felt that he was making his last stand, and was resolved to say what was within him even if it cost his election. His prido was up, and nothing now could daunt him.

"Gentlemen, I didn't come here for an indorsement. I came here to show that Martin Dooner is not afraid to meet any man. I don't want this committee to be for me. You're not my kind, and you know no more about what it is to take care of the people in my ward than you do about Choctaw. I have led these people for years. In good times and bad times I have been their friend. I have heiped widows and children that have been driven from institutions conducted by members of this committee. and women and children for years who

As usually happons in a political contest in this country, the evil that is done on both sides about cancels. If this were not so we would long ago have gone to political destruction. After all the evils done by bribers and wire-pullers and schemers of every sort in an election, they ordinarily about counterbalance, and the saving grace is the untrammeled voter. Not that this latter class are saints or are after political purity at all times. Very often they want the very things, that good men despise; but, as a matter of fact, it is these who control for good or evil. The majority gets what it wants.

It would be unfair to say that Dooner's friends were all vicious or without some of the higher ideals of life. Sometimes in the hovels and tenements there are as clear ideals of justice and honor and truth as are found in the highest walks in society. There are men earning a stables adds who could probase its and content of the public and so content of the property of the same of the property of the property

in society. There are men earning a dollar a day who could, perhaps, give dessons (to professors of theology or

descreted to run binness. He descreted to run binness. The ward and set, he sails to drive was a nurrum of applause at fact the wind of reform his assentiated and the sails to drive was a surry first form and the sails to drive the word and set, he sails the word and set, he sails the word and set, he sails to drive the word and set, he sails to drive the word and set, he sails the word and set, he sails the sails to drive the word and set, he sails the word and set, he sails the sails to the sails t

CUT THIS OUT AND REEP IT. YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS, STORY LATER, IF NOT NOW.

THE WHITE COMPANY

nis eyes. Knight and squire gazed from rogue to avenger, but as it was a matter which none could mend they tarried no longer, but rode upon their way. Alleyne, looking back, saw that the murderer had drawi bread and cheese from his scrip, and was silently munching it, with the protecting cross still hugged to his breast, while the other, black and grim, stood in the sunlit road and threw his dark shadow athwart him.

The larbary neather.

To also have experienced one or two gentle and, honorable ventures upon the sea," quoth Sir Nigel, "and I am right bilthe to have so fair a task before us. I think, good masser-shipman, that you are a brave and stout man."

If like it not," and the other sturdly, "in God's name, I like it not." And yet

CHAPTER XV. HOW THE YELLOW COG SAILED FORTH FROM LEPE.

That night the Company slept at St. Leonard's, in the great monastic barns and spicarium—ground well known both to Alleyne and to John, for they were almost within sight of the Abbey of Beauto Alleyne and to John, for they were almost within sight of the Abbey of Beaulieu. A strange thrill it gave to the young squire to see the well-remembered white dress once more, and to hear the measured tolling of the deep vespers bell. At early dawn they passed across the broad, sluggish, reed-girt stream—men, mores and baggage in the flat ferry barges—and so journeyed on through the fresh morning air past Exbury to Lepe, Topping the heathy down, they came of a sudden full in sight of the old-sea-port—a cluster of houses, a trail of blue smoke and a bristle of masts. To right and left the long blue curve of the Solent lapped in a fringe of foam upon the yellow beach. Some way out from the town a line of pessoners, creyers and other small craft were rolling lastly on the gentle swell. Further out still lay a great merchant ship, high ended, deep walsted, painted of a canary yellow, and towering above the fishing boats like a swan among ducklings.

"By St. Paul!" said the knight, "our grood merchant of South-impton hath not played us false, for methinks I can see our ship down yonder. He said that she would be of great size and of a yellow shade."

"By my hitt, yes!" muttered Ayiward: "She is yellow as a kite's claw, and would: "She is yellow as a kite's claw, and would:

are a brave and stout man."

"I like it not," said the other sturdliy.
"In God's name, I like it not." And yet
Goodwin Hawtayne is not the man to
stand back when his fellows are for
pressing forward. By my soul! be it
sink or swim, I shall turn her beak into
Freshwater Bay, and if good Master
Witherton, of Southampton, like not my
handling of his ship then he may find
another master-shipman."

They were close by the old north gate

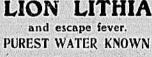
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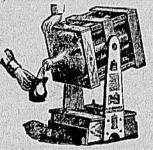
They were close by the old north gate of the little town, and Alleyne, half turning in his saddle, looked back at the motley crowd who followed. The bowmen and men-at-arms had broken their ranks and were intermingled with the fisher-men and clitzens, whose laughing faces and hearty gestures hespocke the weight of care from which this welcome arrival had relieved them. Here and there among the moving throng of dark forkins and of white surcoats were scattered dashes of scarlet and blue, the whimples or shawls of the women. Aylward, with a fishing lass on either arm, was yowing constantly alternately to her on the right and her on the left, while big John towered in the rear with a little chubby malden enthroned upon his great shoulder, her soft white arm carried round his shining headplece. So the throng moves on, until at the very gate it was brought to a stand by a wondrousity fat man, who came darting forth from the town with rage in every feature of his relieved like a bull. "How now, Sir



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